

ANSWERS PROTEST

Grandson of Prophet Joseph Smith Speaks Plain.

SENDS LETTER TO VERMONT

Says Prophet Cannot be Connected With "Disgusting and Revolting Affairs" or "Polygamous Relations" Fostered by Mormons Under Young's Regime.

Salt Lake City, July 1.—Frederick M. Smith, grandson of Joseph Smith, so-called prophet and founder of the Mormon church, has created a stir here by the publication of an open letter addressed to "The people of Royalton and Sharon, Vermont, and to the people of the United States," in which he joins in the protest raised by citizens of the Vermont towns against the erection there by the Utah Mormons of a monument to Joseph Smith, on the farm where the prophet was born.

Frederick M. Smith, who is in Utah conducting a campaign for the Lamoni, Iowa, branch of the church, of which his father, Joseph Smith, son of the prophet, is the head, bases his protests on his allegation that the erection of a monument by the leaders of the Utah Mormons, "many of whom," he says, "are acknowledged lawbreakers and intend to remain such," would discredit the memory of Joseph Smith in the eyes of the world.

The writer insists that the name of Joseph Smith shall not be connected with what he terms "the disgusting and revolting state of affairs," which has been revealed in Utah and most positively asserts that Joseph the prophet, polygamous relations fostered by the Mormons who came to Utah under the leadership of Brigham Young.

To back up his assertions he quotes from a decision of Judge John T. Phillips of the Federal Court for the Western District of Missouri in which Judge Phillips declared that there was no proof that "Joseph Smith had ever taught, nor recognized, as a doctrine of the church, prior to the assumption of Brigham Young."

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ST. LOUIS MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS FORMALLY OPENED

Contains Marvellous Collection Valued At Half a Million.

St. Louis, Mo., July 1.—The west pavilion of the stone building, known at the Louisiana purchase exposition as the Palace of Arts, was formally opened to the public as the St. Louis museum, embracing in the thirty-six rooms collections of exhibits from forty different countries, valued collectively at \$500,000.

It is the expressed purpose of the directors to make the museum a public educational center. It is stated that the collection of exhibits shown could not have been made in less than ten years had it not been for the World's fair and the lavish gifts of the representatives of foreign countries.

COMPLEXION OF STOCK EXCHANGE

Failure to Increase Louisville & Nashville Dividend A Disappointment.

New York, July 1.—Prices have been higher this week on the stock exchange in continuation of last week's speculative operations, but the hardening of the call money rate late in the week due to the preparations for July settlements prompted some to realize.

The failure to increase the Louisville & Nashville dividend was disappointment to an important element in the speculation as great stress had been laid on prospects of such increase. Foreign developments and the daily fluctuations in the commodities markets have been little regretted.

The export of gold seems to be interrupted, but the future course of the movement is studied with attention.

Farm Strike in Hungary.

Buda Pest, July 1.—A serious strike of farm laborers has broken out in Hungary. In some sections little work is being done and as a result the crops are suffering. There have been riots in many places, and a number of strikers have been killed by gendarmes. Military assistance has been called for.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"What use? They are out of it, and they can thank God they are."

"They are not!" she cried, very much agitated. "They did it. It was the White Caps. We saw them, Helen and I."

The judge got upon his feet with an oath. He had not sworn for years until that morning. "What's this?" he said sharply.

"I ought to have told you before, but we were so frightened, and—and you went off in such a rush after Mr. Wiley was here. I never dreamed everybody wouldn't know it was the Crossroads; that they would think of any one else. And I looked for the scarecrow as soon as it was light, and it was away off from where we saw them and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of them!"

He interrupted her. "What do you mean? Try to tell me about it quietly, child." He laid his hand on her shoulder.

She told him breathlessly what she and Helen had seen, and he grew more and more visibly perturbed and uneasy, biting his cigar to pieces and groaning at intervals. When she had finished he took a few quick turns about the room, with his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, and then, charging her to repeat the story to no one, left the house and, forgetting his fatigue, rapidly crossed the fields to the point where the bizarre figures of the night had shown themselves to the two girls at the window.

The soft ground had been trampled by many feet. The boot prints pointed to the northeast. He traced them backward to the southwest through the field and saw where they had come from near the road, going northeast; then, returning, he climbed the fence and followed them northward through the next field. From there the next field to the north, lying beyond the road that was a continuation of Main street, stretched to the railroad embankment. The track, ruggedly defined in trampled loam and muddy furrow, bent in a direction which indicated that its terminus might be the switch where the empty cars had stood last night waiting for the 1 o'clock freight. Though the fields had been trampled in many places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Crossroads men, and he perceived that the searchers had mistaken the tracks he followed for those of earlier parties in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men walking west and examining the ground on each side and a long line of people following them out from town. He stopped. He held the fate of Six Crossroads in his hand, and he knew it.

The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over, their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another far down the track repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they passed the signal back to town. There came almost immediately three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station, and the embankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from the fields and woods and underbrush on both sides of the railway.

Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment. The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both north-west and southeast in the clean washed air like examples of perspective in a child's drawing book. About seventy miles to the west and north lay Rouen. In the same direction, nearly six miles from where the signal was given, the track was crossed by a road leading directly south to Six Crossroads. The embankment had been newly ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope near the top. There were smaller stains above and below, none beyond it to left or right, and there were many deep footprints in the sand. Men were examining the place excitedly, talking and gesticulating. It was Lige Willetts who had found it. His horse was tethered to a fence near by at the end of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stala, explaining.

"You see, them two must have known about the 1 o'clock freight and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was this way: When they got out the window they beat through the storm straight for this side track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's, goin' west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footin' and strikin' for the deepo for shelter—near place as any, except Briscoe's, where he's said good night already, and prob'ly don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can understand that. He comes along and gets to where we are precisely at the time they do, them comin' from town, him

braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssub!"

"It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder.

Xenophon rose to his feet. He stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay; stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then spoke:

"De men whut shot Marse Hawkless lies yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' day. An' him"—he swerved his whole rigid body till the arm pointed north-west—"he lies yondeh. You won' fine 'im beah. Dey fought 'im in de fel's, an' dey druggen 'im beah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ah's bawn wid a cawl!"

There were exclamations from the listeners, for Xenophon spoke as one having authority. Suddenly he turned and pointed his outstretched hand full at Judge Briscoe.

"An' dass de main," he cried; "dass de main kin tell yo' Ah speak de trufe!"

Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts looked at him keenly and then turned to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in and ring the courthouse bell like fury. Do as I say."

Tears stood in the judge's eyes. "It is so," he said solemnly. "He speaks the truth. I didn't mean to tell it today, but somehow"—He paused. "The bounds!" he cried. "They deserve it. My daughter saw them crossing the fields in the night—saw them climb the fence, a big crowd of them. She and the lady who is visiting us saw them—saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day by the flashes of lightning. The seconds were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with

When the attorney reached the spot where the crowd was thickest, way was made for him. The old colored man, Xenophon, approached at the same time, leaning on a hickory stick and bent very far over, one hand resting on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he might have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitious experience sometimes give to members of his race. His face, so tortured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood. Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before Swedenborg and hell before Dante. Today as he slowly limped over the ties his eyes were bright and dry under the solemn lids, and, though his heavy nostrils were unusually distended in the effort for regular breathing, the deeply puckered lips beneath them were set firmly. He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and, though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was rigidly controlled. "Kin some kine gelmun," he asked,

"please t' be so good es t' show de ole main whuh de White Caps is done about Marse Hawkless?"

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him forward. "Here is the stain."

Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whay yo' staid, gelmun. Dass whuh dey laid 'im, an' dass whuh he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey shot 'im in de fel's. Dey ain't shot 'im beah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, then knelt groaningly and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might place his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of hearkening.

"Marse, honey, is you gone?" He raised his voice as if calling. "Is yo' gone, sub—marse?"

He looked up at the circle about him, and then, still kneeling, not taking his hand from the sand, seeming to wait for a sign to listen for a voice, he said: "Whafo' yo' gelmun think de good Lawd summon Marse Hawkless? Kase he de mos' fites'? You know, dat man he ketch me in de cole night, wintuh 'fo' late, stealin' 'is wood. You know whut he done t' de ole thief? Tek an' bul' up big fish een ole Zen' shainy. Say: 'He's yo'seif, an' welcome. Reck on you hongry, too, ain' you, Xenophon? Tek an' feed me, tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de bath full in de mawn', mek 'is bed, pull de weeds out'n de front walk; dass all. He tek me in. When Ah ask 'im ain' he 'traid keep ole thief he say, Jesso: 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon; ought look you up long 'go; ought know long 'go you be cole dese bald nights. Reck on Ah'm de thivesnest one 'us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' up when you got none,' he say, Jesso. Tek me in; say he lakh a thief; pay me sala'; feed me. Dass de main whut de Caps gone shot lais' night." He raised his head sharply, and the mystery in his gloomy eyes intensified as they opened wide and stared at the sky unseeingly.

"Ah's bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaimed loudly. His twisted frame was

"Ah's bawn wid a cawl!"

them then. He couldn't have had a show for his life among them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him at the Crossroads. If there's a chance of it, dead or alive, bring him back!"

A voice rang out above the clamor that followed the judge's speech.

"Bring him back! God could, maybe, but he won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails.

There was an angry roar from the crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and, as for the deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to go as his posse. Eph Watts succeeded in making himself heard above the tumult.

"The square!" he shouted. "Start from the square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every one in Carlow to be implicated in this posse."

"They will be!" shouted a farmer. "Don't you worry about that."

"We want to get into some sort of shape!" cried Eph.

"Shape!" repeated Hartley Bowlder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and rattle behind him, and a steam whistle shrieked. The crowd divided, and Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just in time as the westbound accommodation rushed by on its way to Rouen. From the rear platform leaned the sheriff, Horner, waving his hands frantically as he flew by, but no one understood or cared what he said or in the general excitement even wondered why he was going away. When the train had dwindled to a dot and disappeared and the noise of its rush grew faint the courthouse bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rushing pell-mell into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on the embankment.

"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week she'd never have known John Harkless."

CHAPTER IX.

ALL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six Crossroads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoof beat. No unkempt coil nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid

in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly creaked one old hen, with her wabbling, sailor run, smit with a superstitious horror of nothing. She hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by. Sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her husband rattled up in a buckboard and got out the shotgun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife and often looking up from his work to shake his weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Crossroads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said a sleeping—country. The sun dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed flowers, and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but unmurmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Crossroads. From a thicket of ironweed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an underaged girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Don't hang thy head in fear and shame,

But marry the girl that you love best; Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do the rest. Frank Hart's drug store.

Real Estate Transfers.

E. Z. Ferguson et al to Asmus Brix, lot 4, block 52, McClures; \$150. Mary Morgan to Loto B. Pilkington, lot 12, block 54, Shiveley's; \$1,200. Mary Morgan to Miria Hammerstrom, lot 8, block 54, Shiveley's; \$1,100.

Huge Task

It was a huge task to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend the great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by C. Rogers, druggist. Price, 50 cents."

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